

VISA STUDENTS GET BREAK

by Andrew Porter

McGill's foreign students have still not felt the full effects of the differential fee structure implemented by the Quebec government this fall.

Due to the late official announcement of the two-tier fee structure, a New York-based organization called the American Friends of McGill has made available a \$100,000 fund to visa students at McGill.

Close to 200 McGill students have been able to secure grants from the funds largely donated by McGill alumni in the United States.

According to McGill Vice-principal Edward Stansbury,

the funds were made available to ease the shock of differential fees, and very few students were rejected due to the confusion surrounding the implementation of the fee policy. Stansbury went on to note that the funds were "not necessarily given to students who could be classified as needy ones but many had endured financial burdens due to the short notice given to them."

The grants were available to all foreign students but mostly American students secured them due to their proximity and initiative in applying for the grants. The granting of the funds was based on the normal procedures used in determining the granting of scholarships and bursaries and for study programmes at McGill.

Stansbury went on to note that a few of the requests were of an extreme nature and he did not deny the fact that acceptance rules for the grant were somewhat less stringent.

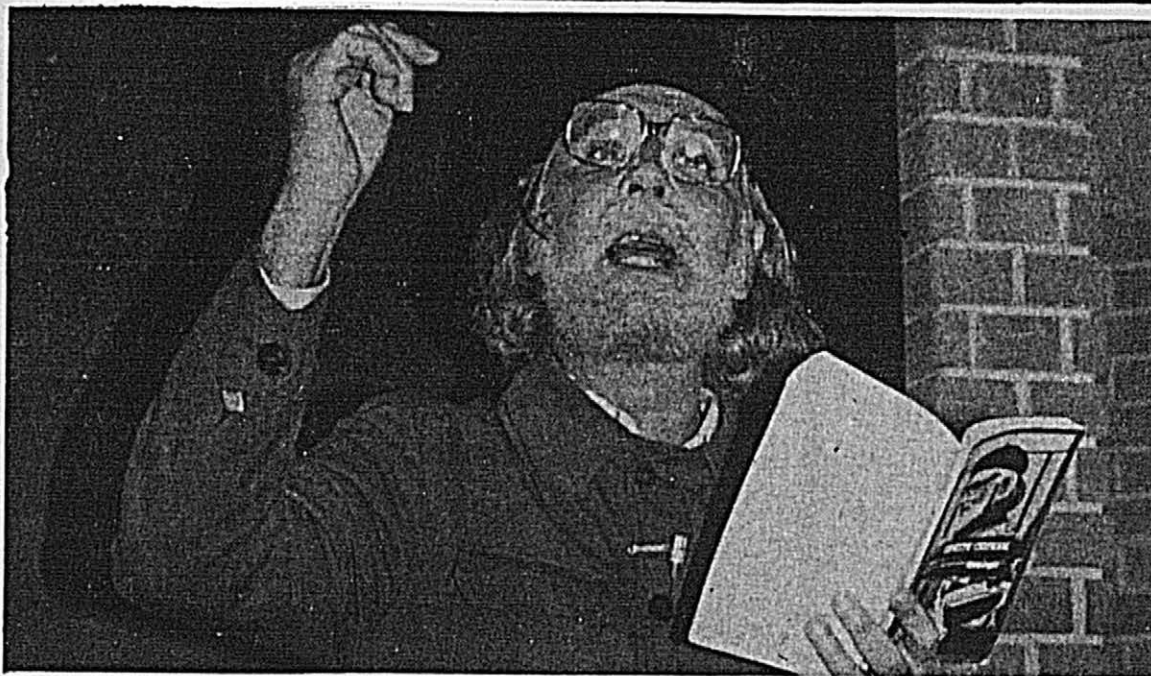
The money made available to American students was termed as a "one-shot deal" by McGill Registrar Peggy Sheppard, and was only donated to offset the late notices received by students.

The main function of the organization of American Friends of McGill is to receive gifts donated by individuals in the United States and to turn them over to McGill students involved in various programmes.

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Thursday
November 9, 1978
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The McGill Daily

Canada's Only Students' Daily



Poet, priest, revolutionary, Ernesto Cardenal reads from his works.

Nicaragua's Cardenal:

Rich are revolutionary

by Doug Watters

"In Nicaragua there are many rich who are revolutionaries."

Great applause greeted this statement by Ernesto Cardenal, poet, priest, and spokesperson for the Marxist Sandinista Front for the Liberation of Nicaragua (FSLN).

Speaking to a near-capacity Leacock Auditorium audience composed largely of his fellow Latin-Americans, Cardenal drew a picture of a country so oppressed by political tyranny that its businessmen and radicals have joined together to fight a civil war.

"Of course," he added, looking like a cross between Ché Guevara and Groucho

Marx, "there aren't very many millionaires in Nicaragua."

The present situation in the country, he said, has been "falsified" by the news agencies who reported a victory by President Somoza.

"Nothing could be less true. Somoza is weaker than ever with the whole country against him."

He later conceded there were some 'bourgeois' groups opposing Somoza who were not part of this business-radical alliance. They, he said, wanted "Somozismo without Somoza."

When asked whether the FSLN was strong enough to stage a successful campaign, and whether or not such a move would just lead to "worse massacre," Cardenal said that "We must go on. Somoza is a war criminal."

He then added that his own nephew had died fighting and that the mother had told him afterward, "I have six children left, and my husband and myself, to fight."

Considerable worry was expressed by some members of the audience that the broad-based movement would fall apart once a military success was achieved. In particular, one questioner asked whether an alliance known as the Group of Twelve composed of priests, intellectuals and businessmen, would simply hold onto power once they had been given the reins of provisional government.

Cardenal placed considerable faith in the goodwill of the Group of Twelve, stating that his brother, a Jesuit, was among them, and added they would merely arrange for the

holding of free elections. Also, he said, the Sandinista Army would ensure a free election.

Answering a question from a woman who was worried about the lack of strong democratic traditions within Nicaragua, Cardenal said, "The entire nation is Sandinista. That is enough."

Once in power, the FSLN would, he said, "nationalize all of the Somoza properties, which amount to one-third of Nicaragua's Gross National Product." Agrarian reform, mass education, housing and provision of medical treatment for all would be undertaken, as well as nationalization of fishing, forestry, banks and mining. The mines, he noted with a warm smile, are Canadian.

"This is a minimal program of socialism."

The question and answer period was preceded by a reading of three of his poems. He is a respected poet, among whose earlier works is the abrasive "Somoza Unveils the statue of Somoza in Somoza Stadium." In addition to writing, and spiritual training with the Trappist monk Thomas Merton, Cardenal also founded a utopian socialist community called Solentlame on an island off Nicaragua, which was lately razed.

After reading his poems, Cardenal called for a dialogue (questions and answers). Brief silence was followed by a baby crying, perhaps an appropriate sound to be heard by a man whose latest volume is entitled "Poems for the Birth of a New Country."

Staff Meeting

There will be a meeting today for all Intrepid Daily staffers at 5 pm. Bring your platforms to the meeting and helpful suggestions on the plight of the Third World grumblings to take place in the confines of Edmonton's cozy downtown freezing weather. We will take a cup and drink it to our northern home.

Weekly Meeting

Weekly Staffers!

There will be a short but informative meeting today at 4:30 pm in the Daily office. Midterms are over! So come on all you writers and pick up this week's assignments. See you there. Gligi.

State visit:

Nose news is good news

by Michelle Finger

The Intrepid young reporter from Brooklyn looked confused.

The scene was the Four Seasons Hotel yesterday and Israeli President Menachem Begin was on his first official visit to Canada.

The young Daily reporter, hungry for news, approached an important-looking man (an Israeli official perhaps?) and asked for a press pass to the event. "Are you from Israel?" asks our neophyte reporter.

His reply: "I may have a prominent nose, but I'm a minister of state. From Canada."

"Second in the government," he added. "You go to McGill?"

"Oh I guess you can't get me a press pass then," said the Daily reporter, slinking off while the press corps laughed.



Lalonde:

I may have a big nose but I'm number 2 in Canada

The man of course was Marc Lalonde.

Claude Ryan was there, New Brunswick premier Richard Hatfield was there. Even Jean Drapeau, in the heat of an

election campaign, was there.

Absent was high-level representation from the Quebec government, despite official, if belated, invitations from the federal government, and the appearance of Claude Morin's name on the guest list.

Speaking to the assembled dignitaries, Begin said: "We don't want more wars, more victories. We want, with all our hearts, peace—peace to our neighbours, peace to the world."

He issued an invitation to Prime Minister Trudeau to visit Israel. He also said that he wants to write a book on his Camp David experiences.

He read the first sentence of his peace agreement with Egypt: "The state of war between Israel and Egypt is terminated."

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347 — Rooms, Apts., Housing

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348 — Lost & Found

Lost: 1 brown corduroy peaked cap. Either in Union or 4th floor Leacock. The hat is the closest thing to my heart and I can't pass my exams

without it. Reward will be offered. 935-1775 after 5.

Found: Ring in McIntyre Med. Bldg. Thurs. Nov. 2. Inquire AGAIN to McIntyre Porter.

\$50.00 Reward for lost camera. I lost my Konica C35 with incorporated flash. Person who finds it & brings it back to the Undergraduate Lounge, Geography, Burnside Hall on 4th floor will get refund of \$50. Claude Lacroix

LOST, thin woman's brown leather belt, Monday morning in the vicinity of Burnside Hall, lower campus, please call Lise 285-9076.

349 — Movers

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Uranium mines:

What comes up may never be lived down

by Maureen McEvoy
of Canadian University Press
You have probably heard or seen someone going on at great length as to why nuclear energy, in all forms, must be stopped at all costs. And that includes the "peaceful" nuclear energy. What is all this racket about anyways? you ask. The process of fission nuclear energy using radioactive materials is dangerous from the beginning of the process to the very end. Prepare yourself, then, for a simple lesson in physics.

Most of the common elements we learned about in school, like lead, copper and iron, are stable elements and are responsible for the stability of the planet. But a few naturally occurring radioactive elements, like radium and uranium, are exceptions. These elements are in a fever of decay as their atoms are giving off part of their substance in the form of radioactive particles, until each atom becomes stable.

Uranium eventually becomes lead but it is the uranium which is necessary to the nuclear energy process. Just as its instability is the key to its usefulness in nuclear energy, its instability is the key to the many health and environmental problems it causes.

Uranium is not found by itself but is mixed in with other elements to form an ore which is buried under a hard layer of rock. Uranium does not produce much of a signal on land but can be detected through water. Once a potential mine site has been located further exploratory work begins. Long shafts, called drill

cores, are dug through the rock to bring up samples of the ore. The ore's percentage of uranium is then measured.

During this entire process the uranium is constantly decaying and giving off radiation. As the substance is exposed to the air and water the contamination spreads, both to the environment and to people.

Transporting core samples to be tested represents another safety problem. In Genelle, B.C. this summer, core samples were taken, uncovered, from the drill site and carted away, spreading further contamination.

Once a uranium mine is in operation the amount of exposed ore is increased, thus increasing the amount of contamination. Amidst the radioactive particles and gases the miners work. Miners who breathe gas and dust particles develop lung cancer and other respiratory diseases. The Ontario Royal Commission on the health and safety of workers in mines at Elliot Lake, Ontario, operated by Denison Mines Ltd., said at least 81 miners died of lung cancer. The report, released in June 1976, showed uranium miners risk lung cancer at five times the national average.

In any uranium mining operation, at least five per cent of the uranium cannot be removed from the ore and is left at the site of the mine. Disintegrating uranium gives off more radioactive substances such as radon 222 gas and radium 226. In addition the ore contains 23 radioactive isotopes, including radon 222 gas which induces lung cancer and silicon which induces

silicosis. No attempt is made to recover this ore so most of it is left at the mine site as tailings. It continues to disintegrate and give off radiation.

Last December, an eight-hour public meeting was held in Clearwater, B.C., to allay public fears about a proposed open-pit uranium mine that would be located at Birch Island in the North Thompson River, just outside of Clearwater and 120 kilometres north of Kamloops.

Denison Mines Ltd., which was to operate the mine, said the volume of tailings for the Birch Island mine would occupy 43 acres, 20 feet deep, of the valley floor. Moreover Denison suggested building a "swimming pool" lined with 15-mil plastic stapled with 2-by-4s. Plastic, unfortunately, breaks down under radiation.

Five hundred yards from this proposed tailing pond sits the Birch Island elementary school.

A uranium mine also poses environmental problems. Plant life and river systems surrounding the mine are not able to withstand the effects of even low-level radiation. An Ontario environment report on the lake and river system near Elliot Lake found that there are no fish living in the entire 55-mile downstream stretch of the Serpent River. Indians have been warned not to drink from the mouth of the river, and the drinking water of Serpent River, a community of 300, has radiation levels two and three times above accepted limits.

Worse, many of the families in the Elliot Lake area live in houses that contain abnormally high levels of radon gas. As radon decays, its products tend to deposit along the throat tract and in the lungs, causing

cancer. The federal government has said it has no funds to repair this situation.

The regulations enforcing health, safety, and environmental standards concerning uranium mills and mines are under federal jurisdiction and, according to environmentalists, are not very well enforced. The province of B.C. has no regulations of its own and it is dubious then, as in the case of Saskatchewan, proposing legislation that is not its constitutional right. Instead, the matter of protecting humans and the environment is left up to the consciences of individual mining companies.

The process of milling uranium is a combination of physical and chemical steps. The ore is ground fairly fine, acids and other chemicals are added, and the uranium dissolves. The uranium is then leached out of the solution and, in its concentrated form, becomes a yellow cake which is packaged in drums and sold. Throughout the refining process, and particularly in the yellow cake stage workers are handling a dangerously radioactive material.

The fuel for nuclear power plants, the so-called peaceful energy generators, is uranium. Naturally-occurring uranium consists of two isotopes—99.3% U-238 and 0.7% U-235. U-235 is fissile, meaning that an atom can be split in two, yielding heat, neutrons, and waste fission products. When uranium is arranged in a certain geometry, and surrounded with water, the rate of fissioning increases. The aim is to produce enough heat in sufficient concentration so that it can be economically used to produce electricity.

The heat is removed by liquid heavy water flowing over the fuel. This heavy water coolant passes through boilers, transferring the heat to ordinary water to produce steam. The cooled heavy water is then pumped through the reactor again in a closed loop. The steam from the boilers is used to drive a turbine generator set in the same manner as in a coal or oil-fired generator.

To boil water and produce steam requires a temperature of 212°F. Bombarding neutrons within a reactor core to produce steam requires 5000°F. Thus, water must be used to cool things down and the cooling water, by being passed over the fuel, becomes radioactive.

Much of this now heated and radioactive water is allowed to be released into surrounding water systems, destroying the balance of nature. It is like using a chain saw to cut butter.

Some of the neutrons produced are absorbed in the U-235 and promote more fissions which keep the chain reaction

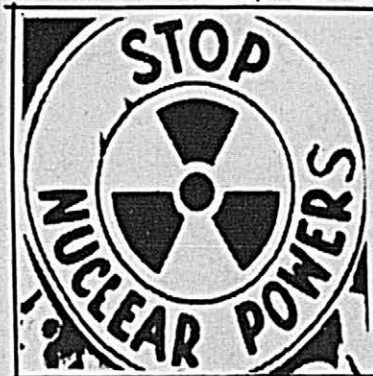
going. Some neutrons are absorbed to produce actinides—materials with radioactive properties and varying half-lives.

Which brings us to the most horrific aspect of the problem. Nuclear reactors produce waste products that are radioactive for varying lengths of time. While they are radioactive, they are dangerous.

The measuring of the process by which an element gives off radioactive particles until it becomes stable gives us the term "half-life". For example, Strontium 90, one of the waste products, has a half-life of 28 years, so that, at the end of 28 years, it has given off half its radioactivity, and, at the end of another 28 years, it has lost half of what remained, or a quarter of its original activity, and so on until it becomes stable.

During the reactor process, U-238 (which you will recall is the larger portion of naturally-occurring uranium) absorbs neutrons and becomes plutonium-239.

Plutonium-239. It has a half-life of 24,400 years so it will be giving off radiation a hundred thousand years from now. It is the deadliest substance known to man. A teacup full of



plutonium oxide dust, properly distributed, could kill the entire population of the earth. Its strength is considerably reduced in water, but still remains hazardous.

There are several kinds of nuclear reactors available in the world and most of them were designed on the assumption that the waste products would be reprocessed to recover the plutonium and any uranium not used the first time. One reactor, the fast-breeder (FBR), even converts U-238 to plutonium. Other reactors use uranium enriched in U-235, the fissile isotope.

The CANDU reactor, Canada's contribution to nuclear proliferation, is designed to use natural uranium, passing it through the reactor core to absorb the fewest possible neutrons. Heavy water, instead of ordinary water, is used as moderator and coolant because it absorbs fewer neutrons. But, because it uses natural uranium, the CANDU

continued on page 15

McGill coffers grow

by Ann Brocklehurst
Five years ago the McGill Development Program set out to collect 25.3 million dollars. At a press conference yesterday Chancellor Conrad Harrington announced the program had been a "resounding success."

Almost 26 million dollars has been collected and, said Harrington, "There should be another million dollars before we close the books next May. And if there is so much the better."

The money was collected from a diversity of sources. McGill canvassers hit everyone from wealthy university governors to impoverished former alumni. Local corporations and foundations contributed 7 and 9.5 million dollars respectively. Harrington noted that a "couple of large peace-setting gifts" had got the campaign off to a good start.

Harrington feels the election

of the Parti Quebecois has helped rather than hindered the campaign. He saw the general reaction as being "Quebec is in a period of change so we'll give you a little more."

Principal Robert Bell added, "We were nervous at first but it turned out to be a good thing."

McGill administrators have wasted no time in spending the money. Said Harrington, "The money has been spent out almost as fast as we could get it into our hands. A lot of things have been done and there are still projects in hand."

The things that have been done include 12 million dollars-worth of physical plant projects. The Rutherford Physics Building was constructed and some older buildings have also undergone extensive repairs. One million dollars was spent on library improvements and an additional 2.5 million was allocated to "educational re-

tooling projects."

Two million dollars will be spent on scholarships. Bell noted that a bursary program has been temporarily established to help foreign students cope with differential fees. Needy foreigners can claim 500 dollars to "cushion" the impact of the one thousand-plus increase.

The extra money was raised in addition to and not in place of government grants, said Harrington. He noted the campaign would have been useless if the government had slashed McGill's grants because they were receiving hefty private donations.

Both Harrington and Bell feel McGill is still a quality institution. Said Bell, "We can never stick up above the crowd like we used to because there are many good universities in Canada now. But we believe our quality is still as high as ever, if not higher."

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Today

Gay McGill:

Religious attitudes towards gays will be discussed tonight. Guest speaker Garfield will give some interesting insights concerning the feelings of the Catholic clergy about gays. Room 425, Union at 7:30 pm.

The Department of Anthropology:

presents Jan Haakonisen M.A. Candidate in Anthropology speaking on "...and you know that the sea will never run dry". From nomadic pastoralism to sedentary fishing in Somalia. 4 pm, Leacock 738.

Debating Union:

Brief, open executive meeting of the Debating Union to be held at 8 pm in B-17.

Auditions:

Any individual who wishes to act in Radio Theatre McGill, please leave a message for Sheldon Rappaport at 392-8936. Colloque de Statistique de Montreal:

Herman Rubin Purdue University parlera de Infinite-Nomial Distributions and Applications to the Distribution of Individuals among Species à 15:30 heures H-429, Henry Hall Building Concordia University, 1455, ouest boulevard de Maisonneuve.

Canadian Friends of Hebrew University:

Interested in studying in Israel? Dr. Friedlander of the Hebrew University in Israel will be speaking on its requirements etc. Noon to 2 pm, Union, Room 302. Don't miss him!

Dept. of English's Tuesday Night Cafe:

Presents Dance For Gods by/with Maxim Mazumdar, 8 pm Morrice Hall 106. \$2/\$3 at Sadie's, Arts 155, Morrice Hall "C". 392-5000 or 392-4637.

McGill Badminton Club:

No Inter-Club competition tonight. Free Play. Members ONLY.

Faculty of Music free concerts:

Recital Room C-209 1 pm. Gultar-Harpsichord Recital. Paulette Lachance, guitar, Sandra Weeks harpsichord, Eric Lussler, harpsichord.

Works by Bach - Dowland - Turina - Villa-Lobos - Couperin. Pollack Concert Hall 8:30 pm. The Danovitch Saxophone Quartet. Gerald Danovitch, Peter Freeman, Abe Kestenberg, Nancy Newman. Works by Bach - Rathburn - Conley - Dubois - Bernstein - Marshall - Rivier.

McGill Figure Skating Club:

The videotape of last year's Ice Show will be shown in room 117 in the McConnell Engineering Building from 11-12 and room 210 in the same building from 12-1. Skaters please attend.

McGill Rowing Club:

First General Meeting of the season for new and prospective members. The WINTER training Program including Indoor Rowing Tank at Olympic Basin will be outlined and election of new Executive will take place. All Welcome: 7 pm, Common Room, Douglas Hall residence.

Graduate Students:

Don't miss this week's film - THE VANISHING LADY by Hitchcock, 9 pm at the David Thomson House. Free admission.

continued on page 13



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THE WEEKLY

Theatre

Mazumdar dances for the Gods

by Martha Nestor

Dance For Gods, is a one man play written and performed by Maxim Mazumdar. Set in the time of Euripides, it is written about a young dancer and actor.

We watch the protagonist, Herakleon, grow older as the play progresses, developing as a dancer and actor. He is constantly guided by the influence of Euripides in his development.

Mr. Mazumdar's work is full of imagery and poetry, though not in the traditional Greek sense. The play is

different from original Greek works in that the form does not follow the Greek tradition of unity in time and space. The dialogue is not written in verse, but more closely approximates a contemporary tone. This updating of form makes the play and the time in which it was written more under-

continued on page 7

photo by Meg T. Blank

Maxim Mazumdar dances in Morrice Hall 106 in *Dance For Gods*.

Film

Stairway to Heaven leads straight to Hell

by Davidson Thomson

Terence Malick's **Days of Heaven** is a sort of high-budget version of his **Badlands**. The money behind this picture (and cinematographer Nestor Amen-dros) has produced the prettiest Hollywood film of the season; the carefully-framed still-lives of rolling wheat fields, approaching thunder clouds, grazing cattle, and picturesquely dirty people are reminiscent of **Barry Lyndon**, Stanley Kubrick's ode to eighteenth century grandeur. Both films are indebted to the still majesty of landscape painting; but while Kubrick's film was insistently bizarre—its richness of

image and detail undercut by a decadence and injustice at the heart of the beauty—Malick insists on a simplicity of both image and morality—the simplicity of primitive culture (like the criminal culture in **Badlands**). It saves his imagism from mawkishness but opens it to the deadlier danger of meaninglessness.

Malick, who is the writer as well as the director, sets his story in America at the turn of the century. Billy (Richard Gere), his girlfriend Abbie (Brooke Adams), and his sister Lynda (Lynda Manz), head west on top of a train to find work. They are hired by a young, handsome,

wealthy, mortally-ill farmer (Sam Shepard) to help bring in his harvest. Billy tells everyone that Abbie is his sister in order to head off scandal. The farmer falls for Abbie (despite her smudged face) and asks her to stay on after the harvest and, eventually, to marry him. Billy urges her to accept the offers, knowing that the farmer has less than a year to live, and so she does. But the farmer gets better instead of worse, and Billy is also increasingly jealous of the unexplained and seemingly incestuous relationship of Abbie and her "brother".

Richard Gere

His jealousy and Billy's jealousy of him (because Abbie soon falls in love with her husband) create the dramatic tension in the film.

But the dramatic tension is long in coming. Malick couples his careful, loving cinematography with an episodic structure that alienates the viewer; time passes smoothly and softly like a river, with all action and emotion borne on its back. The film is essentially silent—the sparse dialogue is often inaudible, and when we do hear it, it's unimportant. Mostly we see things—minute-long pastorals that rarely relate to the plot,

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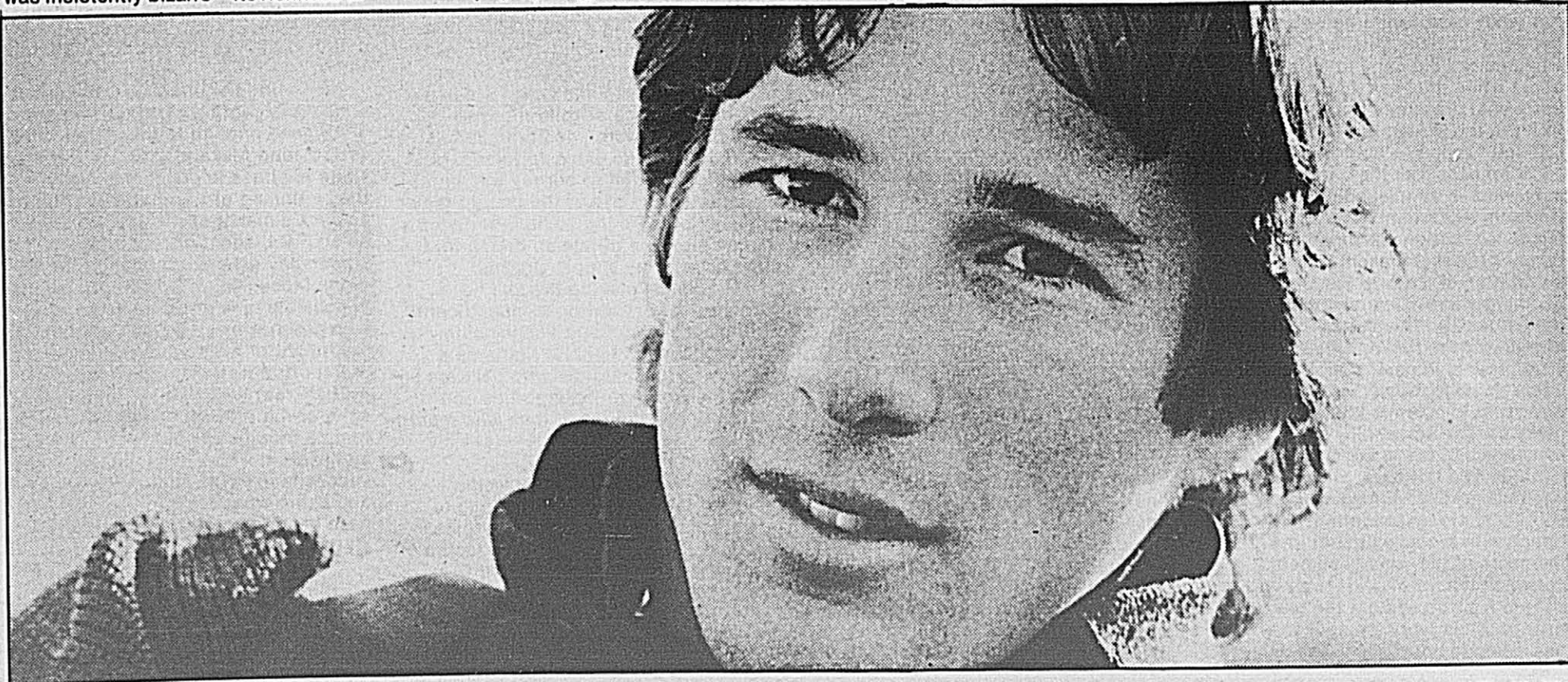


photo by Edie Baskin

Heaven

continued from page 5

setting up an atmosphere of country life.

We get most of the information we need from the voice-over narration of Lynda Manz; she tells the story as if she were being interviewed and wasn't liking it one bit. Her most powerful moment comes near the beginning of the film when she describes to us her version of Judgement Day—an apocalyptic vision of a world set afire—trees on fire, water on fire—flaming things in the air, "their wings half-burned." The good, she tells us, God sends to heaven, the bad He forgets about.

Malick's characters commit small sins, but set as they are against the simplicity of their rural life, these become elemental sins, and punishable on an elemental level. The God in *Days of Heaven* is an Old Testament God; when, at the climax of the film, swarms of locusts begin to demolish the wheat, it's like one of the Egyptian plagues. But we feel only sympathy for the plagued—we are taught to believe in the

inherent good of farmers, to believe in their love for their work and for the products of their work. The destruction of a harvest becomes for us an enormous loss, and when we see the farmer and his hands standing helpless in the middle of the locust-ridden fields we see an expression of tragic futility.

Malick uses the raid to bring the dramatic tension, finally, to the front. The farm hands try to smoke the locusts out at night, and gather them from stalks to be burned in great fires. They wander through the red-lit fog as if through the smoke of *Inferno*, and when Bill meets the farmer, raving jealous and panicking in the middle of the disaster, it's like a meeting with the

devil. When the farmer swings at Bill with his lantern and sets the fields on fire, it's as if the tension of the encounter had thrown the spark. As the wheat blazes out of control and the locusts and partridge rise from the fields, "wings half-burned", we have the foretold holocaust of judgement.

In these scenes, Malick presents us with a carefully worked out symbology; image is his medium, never word. This explains, and justifies the earlier scenes, the silent vignettes—he sets us up, trains us, for a visual orientation so that the climax can be fully powerful without being easy or obvious. This links him even more plainly with European filmmakers, but unlike say,

Alain Resnais, who presents us with the richest settings and then leaves us with little more than enigma, Malick works towards something that will move us. He has taken the trumpets and tympani of tragedy and set them for a square-dance fiddler.

As for the performances, there is little to say because this is not an actors' film. Richard Gere, who must make amends for appearing in the disgusting *Goodbar*, doesn't get his chance here—he spends all his time running, fighting, or looking into the distance, but never acting. Brooke Adams looks like Ali McGraw and displays as much talent as most former fashion models. Lynda Manz does manage to steal a lot of the movie because we hear more of her voice than anyone else's—her narration is precociously natural, funny and touching; but even she is treated like a piece of the scenery by the camera. Hollywood actors don't stand a chance in a film that contains none of the bravura elements we're used to.

A great deal of the film is very powerful—moving and meaningful with a conceptual scope far beyond the Hollywood tradition. Everything that initially seems over-zealous and too perfect, eventually comes together as being finely wrought and essential. Malick follows in the post-modernists' footsteps, rejecting anarchy and focusing on a deterministic order of the universe. For him there is an order to our world, an order we can't control, but an order nonetheless. His film is an allegory, a parable set in our world (not a European world, which is important) not too long ago—about people who can't make it work, who want to be good but can't, because as Lynda suggests, "they're half angel, half devil", and because they can't fight the set-up. According to Malick, life is pretty for a while, but you always get it in the end.



Photo by Edie Baskin

James Earl Jones rescues Great White Hope

by Stephen Lazer

Jack Johnson became the first black heavyweight champion of the world in 1908 when he knocked out Tommy Burns of Canada. Yet the world was not ready to accept a non-white title holder, especially one like Johnson who sported big cars, fancy clothes, and a white mistress. Legal and emotional pressures forced Johnson to leave the United States and made it difficult for him to fight abroad. In 1915 Johnson lost the championship in Havana in an allegedly fixed fight.

Martin Ritt's film *The Great White Hope*, is a fictionalized look at the career of Jack Johnson. It is a dutiful adaptation of Howard Sackler's highly acclaimed and rather simplistic play of the same title. The play is the source of many of the film's troubles.

Johnson's trials and tribulations seem to invite the sort of predictable and shallow polemic that Mr. Sackler gives us. The screenplay's use of symbolism tends to have all the subtlety of a left hook.

The characters are either good or evil; there are no gradations. The film opens with a coldly lit shot in which members of the "establishment" try to convince the retiring white champ to defend his title against the black upstart. Their lines are spoken without any inflection or feeling. This is "evil".

Jack Jefferson, who is the fictionalized Johnson, has friends and family who are always smiling, joking and hugging each other. This is "good".

At the height of Jefferson's degradation we see him playing Uncle Tom in a Budapest beer hall. Mr. Sackler, who wrote both the play and the screenplay, seems intent upon giving the viewer a succession of the most obvious black and white symbols in the hope of demonstrating the force of the situation and eliciting sympathy for the central character. Little is left for the audience to think over; the screenplay gives them no chance to discover anything.

Visually, the film is marred by theatrics. Most of the scenes take place on sets that are obviously not real. When shooting is occasionally done outdoors, the scenery looks like a set. The lighting changes are blatant; the good characters receive one sort of light and the bad another. These qualities give an unrealistic visual quality to a film that is trying to deal with a real and controversial life.

Despite the silly screenplay, amateurish filming and a host of other problems I have not mentioned, I enjoyed the film and believe it one

well worth seeing. There are two things which save *The Great White Hope* from being a film version of a medieval morality play. The first is that the true story of Jack Johnson has enough power in itself to retain some emotional force despite the work of Mr. Sackler. More important, James Earl Jones, who plays Jefferson, is talented enough to portray a rounded character far beyond the limitations of the script. In doing so he introduces a good measure of human drama that the screenplay simply glosses.

Mr. Jones, playing the role he created on Broadway, is magnificent. He plays his character convincingly throughout the film. He starts as a happy-go-lucky fighter who believes he has the world at his fingertips and ends as an embittered man who must sell his career out if he is to see his family again.

The personality changes come slowly, through changes in posture, facial expression and tone of voice. Jones' Jefferson is no simple victim of society; he is a Titan, strong and intelligent, whose spirit is broken only after he wages a formidable war. It is only through the work of Jones that we come to identify with the character

and his plight, and to see the true power of the social forces at play. To defeat Jefferson is no easy task; to break his spirit even harder. When Jefferson is dragged out of the fight in Havana, a fully broken man, the tragedy is complete.

Jones also has that mysterious quality called "presence". When he is on the screen one feels it. The only reason I sat through the scenes without him was my anticipation of his return.

The acting in general is skillful, but with the exception of Jones it is not quite good enough to make up for the script. Jane Alexander as Jefferson's white mistress is good; especially in the beginning of the film. Lou Gilbert as Jack's manager and Hal Holbrook as an F.B.I. agent do what the screenplay asks of them and little more. Moses Gunn is given the almost impossible task of portraying a seer who prophesies doom for Jefferson at the height of his success. He doesn't pull it off; but then nobody could.

The Great White Hope works in spite of the attempts of Mr. Sackler to force a moralistic political fable on his audience. It works because Mr. Jones succeeds in transcending the script and being what Jack Johnson must have been: a special man, but a man all the same.

The Great White Hope
directed by Martin Ritt
McGill Film Society

Fri. Nov. 10: 7 and 9:30 p.m. L-132

Mazumdar

continued from page 5

standable to the audience. Mazumdar's experimentation breathes new life into a traditional form and makes viewing a pleasure.

Choice of music for the play was particularly effective, especially the electronic music of Jean-Michel Jarre. The eerie quality of this music combined with dramatic use of lighting was quite successful in establishing different moods in the play.

A one man play is a difficult proposition, but one soon forgets that Maxim is the sole performer. He effectively portrays a range of characters, which, seen through his eyes, have a presence of their own, particularly Euripides. An interesting and well performed work, *Dance For Gods* experiments with a traditional form of theatre, and comes out on top.

The play continues at Morrice Hall, to November 11 and November 15 to 18, 8:00 pm. Tickets are available at the Students' Union Box Office, Arts 155, and Morrice Hall.



photo by Meg T. Blank

Jerks for Jesus

by Michael Pasternak

Bored and becalmed in the Wednesday afternoon doldrums, buried under a mountain of textbooks, papers and exams? Take some time off and lend an ear to the *Circle Jerks* of Radio McGill. The *Circle Jerks* are producing a weekly half-hour radio show under the direction of Sheldon Rappoport. The program is quite funny and shows much promise for the future.

Opening as "The Hour of Deliverance", and hosted by "Mr. Gardner Gospel Grahame", the program was a great parody of those evangelists of the air. "God,

Gab and Good Taste," was offered as "religious counterpoint", mixed with appeals for money (to be sent to a numbered Swiss bank account) and interspersed with commercials for laxatives ("for gentle, effective relief of the devil's grip on your insides.")

A portion of the program called "Religious Counterpoint" turned out to be a discussion on religious sales techniques with visiting Korean evangelist "Sum Dum Goy" (43,000 souls served already).

Good satirical humour combined with smooth delivery made for a strong debut performance by the *Circle Jerks*. They will be broadcasting Tuesdays at 3:00 pm, but the show is on tape so we won't get to hear any live bloopers.



photo by Henry de Cuyper Cadmus

The Circle Jerks of Radio McGill

THE SHOE Art

FOR PANTS

Montreal artists show their stuff

by Mark Butler and S. Peter Loshin

An art exhibition entitled 1+1+1+1+1+1+1+1 opened at the Saidye Bronfman Center last Sunday evening. It marks a surge in the Montreal art scene. Presented here is a mixture of European, American and Canadian styles of painting.

The purpose of the show is to expose the work of eight former students of the Saidye Bronfman Center Art School who live and work in the Montreal area. Some of these artists have already shown their work elsewhere, but this marks the first time they have exhibited together. They have studied under such artists as Chaki, Bazak and Rheinblatt at the Center.

Most notable is the work of Norma Spector, whose use of a "cartoon style" produces powerful canvases, full of vivid colour and violent motion. Bright aquamarines and yellows predominate in Ms. Spector's works, which depict contorted images of men, women, fish and other animals.

Barbara Stutman's paintings are deeply connected with the "fashion art" movement and "Vogue" style. Using a few vivid, striking colours, Ms. Stutman displays parts of bodies wearing high-fashion clothes. The impact of all her paintings is

heightened through the use of descriptive lettering.

Helen Mankovsky seems to hold herself back by using ghostly shapes and a minimum of colour to express her violent ideas. Flora Book, whose paintings are all entitled "Life", seemed unable to differentiate her canvases. All of them are nebulous forms in a sickly beige. She fully exploits the possibilities of that colour. It is hard to see the point in her exercises.

An unexpected treat in this evening of art was an encounter with the urbane, flamboyant charming, personable, informative and nattily attired Dennis Rose, noted Montreal commercial artist. Mr. Rose, one of the many prominent people who attended this event, said that the exhibition was very enthusiastically received, and he considered it a "good contemporary exhibition." Mr. Rose further explained that the artists displayed a good cross-section of modern art, and that each artist was working on the edges of his stylistic field, exploiting each medium to the fullest.

The show, at 5170 Cote St. Catherine, runs until November 27. Also featured is the work of Nancy Abrams, Jack Gordon, Marianne Revenko and Marilyn Rubenstein.



Soccer's Loss is Rockers' Gain

by David Wilkenfeld

Two years ago, Elton John, one of the seventies' greatest rock stars, folded up his glasses, hung up his piano, and said goodbye to the world of music. But now, a few soccer games, a hair transplant, and a pair of contact lenses later, the "Rocket Man" is back.

His new release, *A Single Man*, will be a big surprise for those of you who were expecting another chapter in the continuing story of the Elton John tragedies. This album ranks alongside *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* and *Elton John* as one of his best efforts.

The cold, impersonal feeling in his *Blue Moves* album is gone. Her, the melodies are fresh and vibrant, and Elton puts his heart into each one, from the somber "It Ain't Gonna Be Easy", to the lively and carefree "I Don't Care". In this album he shows his great ability to write music for any type of lyric. His soft melodies are euphonic and he still possesses outstanding talent for rock 'n' roll.

For those who thought that John could never survive without Bernie Taupin, get ready for a shock: along with many other changes, Elton John has found a new lyricist by the name of Gary Osborne.

At the time of this writing, neither the radio station nor the record company seem to know anything about Osborne. All we are left with are his lyrics to judge him on.

It would be unfair to both writers to compare Osborne to Taupin. After all, Bernie did it—and did it well—for around eight years. Let us just say that The Captain will not be hurt by the absence of The Kid.

If there is one accolade I would bestow on Osborne, it is that, at times, he makes you sit back and think about his words. In the humorous "Big Dipper", he whets the listener's appetite with underlying sexual connotations:

"And at around about a quarter to ten

You got up and did it all again
He's got his own Big Dipper
And he knows just what it's for
Big Dipper
He's got his own Big Dipper
But he's got his eye on yours"

In addition to Osborne, there is a brand new group of musicians behind Elton. The only familiar name in the band is Ray Cooper, who stuck with him since the days of *Captain Fantastic* and *The Brown Dirt Cowboy*.

Cooper's percussion has always

added a pleasing dimension to Elton's music, and his work on this album is not exception. He does some of his best work on a cut called "Return to Paradise", a beautiful melody with a South American flavour and a fine arrangement by the only other holdout from the old days, Paul Buckmaster.

The rest of the band is usually overshadowed by John's tunes and Osborne's lyrics. They are not as outstanding as the band that played with Elton John for so long and became popular in their own right as the Elton John Band. They do, however, with the help of Buckmaster's arrangements, provide John with strong support.

On this album, Elton uses his backing vocals extremely well. For the first time ever, we hear female voices in the background of certain numbers such as "Part Time Love". The girls are a great addition to this cut, which is a potential top-ten tune.

Besides the girls, Elton himself, along with Osborne, provide the backup vocals for some of the more tender songs, and still another group backs him up on a couple of selected cuts. The name of the group? The Watford Football Team and The South Audley Street Girl's Choir.

"Madness" is one of the best songs I've ever heard from Elton John. Everything's right. The music gives it energy and the lyrics give it an intriguing flavour which Bernie Taupin would be hard pressed to top. In short, it's a powerful song that evokes just what its title suggests:

"And it's madness—every time a victim dies

There is madness—burning in a blind man's eyes

And it's madness—hidden in the hate and pain

There is madness—burning in a wild man's brain"

The 1978 version of Elton John will probably leave his old critics trying to figure out what they can criticize. The lavish glasses are gone. The commercialized album covers have disappeared.

In fact, the picture on the jacket portrays a very conservative, very stately, very English gentleman with 'hollow haunted eyes'. It's a bit hard to get used to. Tweed suits and hats are the new trademarks of Elton John, whose next move may be to change his name back to Reginald Dwight. (Oh no! Not that!)

Mass production of material lacking some artistic quality was one of the biggest gripes against Elton. Before his retirement he turned seven LPs (two were double albums) and four singles in just four years. The quality of songs like "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting", gave way to manufactured hits like "Philadelphia Freedom".

This time, however, Elton has defied his critics. It has been two years since he's been heard from, and *A Single Man* is well worth the wait.

So forget about that shamefully commercialized robot you saw singing "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" with Kiki Dee. Think back to the Elton John of the early seventies and the music that made him great. Then listen to *A Single Man* and you'll hear a new Elton John, who is definitely back to finish off the decade in which he became a superstar.

Sexy Sarah sings the blues

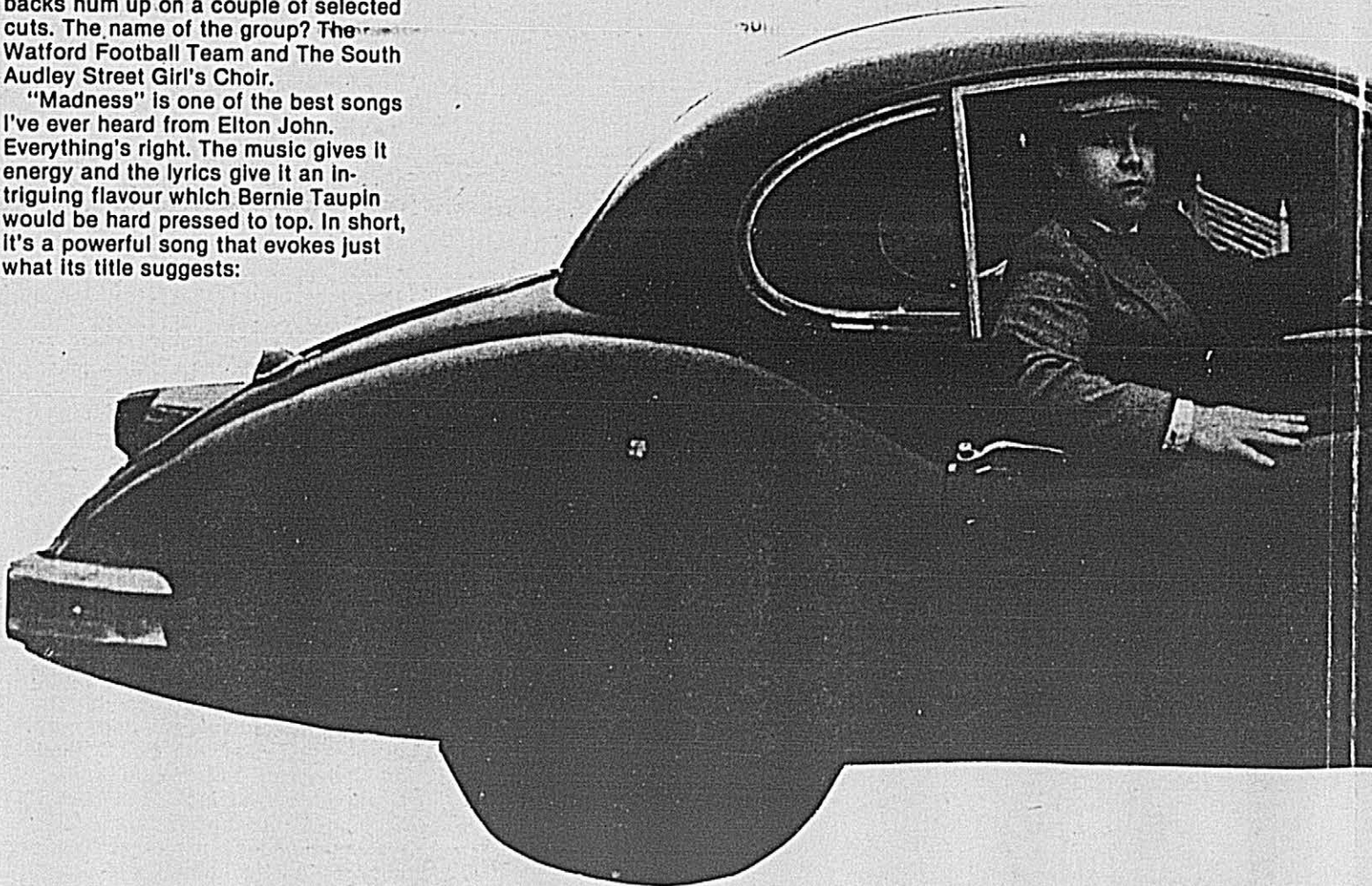
by Frank Funaro

This coming Tuesday and Wednesday nights, Gertrude's will become the showcase for some fine live musical entertainment. Appearing will be Sarah Nagourney, a first-rate jazz singer, and honours Political Science student at McGill.

Sarah started out playing folk music and discovered her love for jazz during two years of study at Oxford, where she joined a jazz club. At that time, music was still just a pastime.

Sarah first thought of singing professionally after the positive response she

Jazz s





Singer Sarah Nagourney

received while singing at Oxford with a band that was formed by members of the jazz club. After appearances with them, she was asked to sing in a London nightclub, Langdon's Brasserie. It was her exposure there which led to further bookings in London, and the quick and positive recognition that encouraged her to pursue her singing more seriously.

Since returning to Montreal, Nagourney has worked closely with Vic Vogel, the Canadian jazz composer and conductor. She says that he has played a large role in her development as an artist and singer. Vogel will be accompanying Sarah during her two night engagement at Gertrude's.

Nagourney's singing style is an impressive blend of "bluesy" moans, strong belting and sexy whispers. Her repertoire contains many old jazz standards, such as "Cry Me A River", and "Don't Mean A Thing", a Duke Ellington composition. She likes to do songs that "strike my fancy and aren't overdone". Though her approach to a song is distinctly her own, she claims to have learned much from listening to the interpretive styles of Lena Horne, Elke Brooks, and Chris Connor.

Things are happening very fast for Nagourney. In addition to future gigs in the Montreal area, she is being considered by the head of the National Theatre School in London to do a tour of Kurt Weill music in Australia next summer. In the meantime, she is always listening to new performers and discovering new things about jazz. Her future holds a return to England. She considers England very conducive to musical growth and perfection of the "art form" that is jazz.

If talent and determination are what it takes for someone to succeed in the music world, Sarah Nagourney has them. The McGill community would be wise to take the opportunity next week to get a peek at what this woman does now. She won't be playing in places like Gertrude's for long.

In the groove Time Passages

Al Stewart Arista
by Harvey D. Kader

"The public is much more clever than the media assume them to be." Thus spake Al Stewart last year in an interview conducted amid the sales rush on his platinum-selling LP, *Year of the Cat*. After the legal and record company difficulties, the golden-voiced folk-rock songwriter re-emerges with a highly polished followup effort, entitled *Time Passages*. Time is the central theme of this album, as the topics of cinema, literature and legend were on Stewart's fifth release, *Past, Present and Future*. History has also been an important and recurring theme throughout the career of this "thinking man's" musician. The Spanish Revolution was dealt with in the song, "On the Border", the 1941-45 Russian-German War was handled hauntingly on the epic composition "Roads to Moscow".

The current recording also goes back in time to the days of Thomas More and Henry VIII in "Age of Reason", and to the French Revolution in the song "Palace of Versailles".

With the same producer (Alan Parsons) and the backup musicians found on *Cat*, *Time Passages* is more a sequel to its lucrative predecessor than a step forward for Stewart. Rather than take a chance with a new format and style on this latest production, much of what was so successful on the last album has been repeated without any innovative change. The perfectly timed sax solos and classical guitar snippets grace many of the album's nine numbers. Nevertheless, Stewart cannot be faulted for following through on the fruitful formula found on *Year of the Cat*.

The title track deals with daydreams, journeys of the mind and going back to one's past. In the concluding cut "End of the Day", time seems to be running out for two lovers as "they live their lives in some



familiar spell... but she'll be with him till the day she finds a stranger lying in her arms." Love and life dominate the lyrics set down by Stewart, lyrics which make his songs immediately identifiable and unique among present day performers.

A professional musician since the age of seventeen, highly influenced by Dylan and Simon and Garfunkel, Stewart in 1978 appears to have found wide ranging appeal among the more literate members of the rock 'n' roll audience, and no doubt will be an influence on aspiring musicians as the sixties artists were to him, years ago.

Heart

by Ron Wigdor

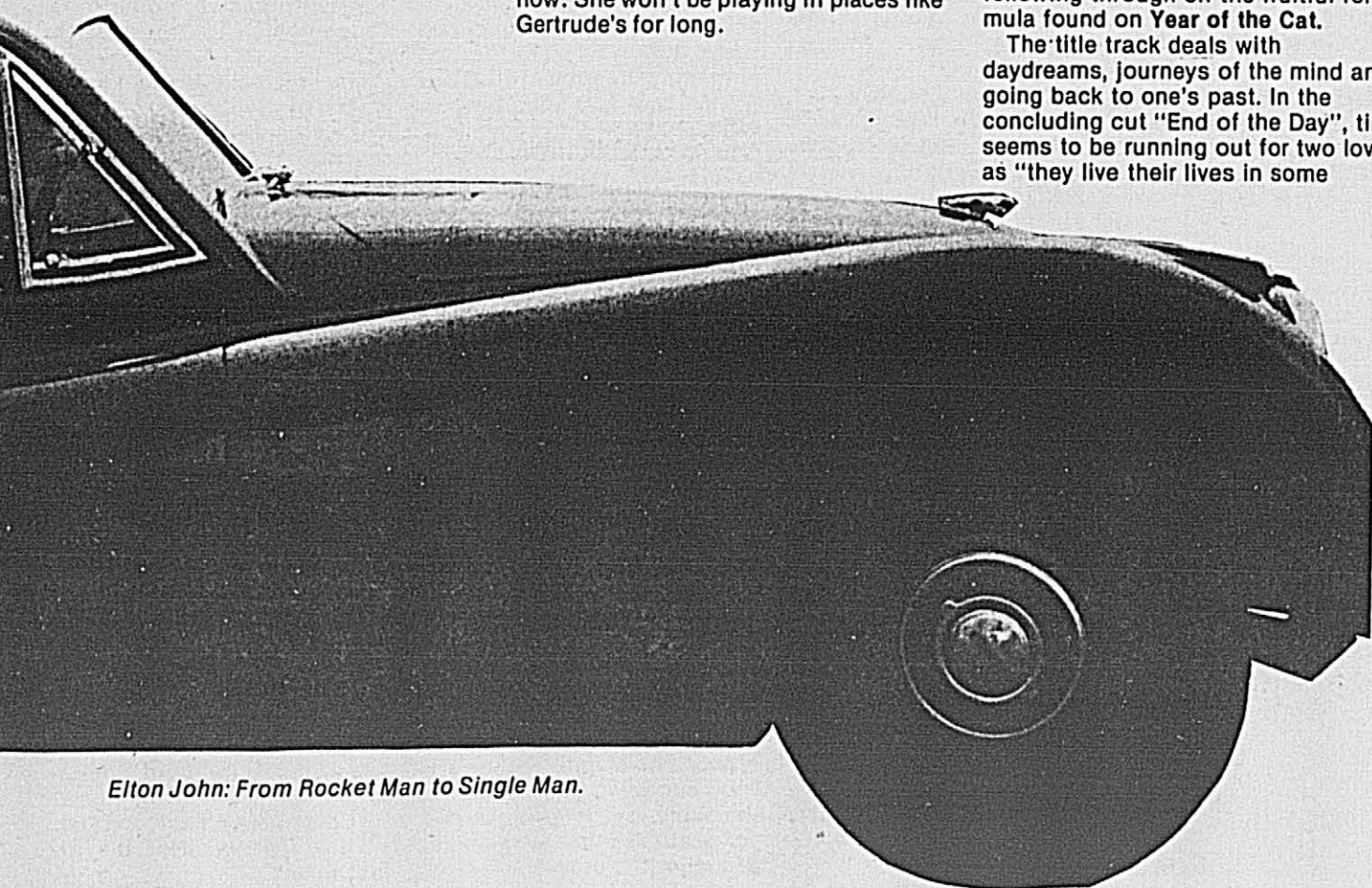
Heart—*Dog and Butterfly* (Portrait)

The first thing one notices about the Heart—*Dog and Butterfly* album is the dazzling artwork of its cover. Done by Japanese painter Fuding Cheng the illustration shows a dog chasing a butterfly while a picnicking family casually looks on.

Although *Dog and Butterfly* doesn't have the initial impact and power of *Dreamboat Annie* or the sensuality of *Little Queen*, there are some points worth mentioning. Heart has matured into a tight, professional-sounding band and this is most evident on the slick rocking numbers of the Dog side. "High Time" and the sextet's latest AM grabber "Straight On" include Ann Wilson's peircing vocals and the driving Heartbeat that have been the group's trademark over the last few years.

Musically, the main difference between *Dog and Butterfly* and anything that's been done in the past is that a complete side of the album is devoted solely to ballads. Logically labelled, the Butterfly half of the LP lacks tunes with consistent melodies and shows that Heart's strong suit is still hard, fast numbers. There are certain bright spots, however, that indicate some promise for the future. The title song and "Nada One", both with fine orchestral arrangements and lush instrumentation, are examples of high quality music. But the highlight of a ballad is supposed to be its strong melody, and Heart has unfortunately failed to provide that.

Dog and Butterfly, with its concept form, is the first true sign that Heart wants to be known as a progressive band. The idea is carried out well but the material has a few flaws. And everybody knows that a concept album has to have good music for it to succeed.



Elton John: From Rocket Man to Single Man.

Can disco be a drag?

by Michele Finger

Until the lights went on, P.J.'s looked like a run-of-the-mill discotheque: Under a strobe light's oscillating silvers of white in the otherwise darkened room, John Travolta facsimiles and their partners were movin' their feet and struttin' their stuff to the disco beat on the crowded rectangular dance floor. "Is this Montreal's hellish hole of sex and decadence that my editor asked me to cover?" I thought as I unbuttoned my trench coat and got set to witness yet another real life enactment of a scene from *Saturday Night Fever*.

But suddenly the thumping disco music stopped. The "Last Dance" disc screeched off the record player, replaced by a heavy-horned jazz tune. The lights went on—the drag show was about to begin.

Under the harsh lights, I saw this was no ordinary disco crowd. Leaning against the wooden bar was a 6'2" amazon with the legs of Marlene Dietrich and the shoulders of John Wayne. Flanking her, a vamp in a leopard skin shirt, stood laughing with a staid, sandy-haired man wearing a grey Brooks Brothers suit and black wing-tipped shoes.

Casually leaning against the Pop-Art wall, muscular young disco studs sporting silk shirts and tight jeans followed the action with bored looks on their pretty faces, as a "Superfly" dude in a Panama hat strutted past them.

Seated at a table laden with beer glasses were motorcycle men in leather jackets, their tattooed arms draped around similarly clad women; while across from them, two stunning models in St. Laurent

trousers sipped wine. And eyeing all of this were conservatively dressed men and women, who, although not part of this world of transvestites and midnight cowboys, seemed completely relaxed in it.

After years of seeing such characters in countless movies, I almost expected the bar scene to fade out and Liza Minnelli to appear singing "Life is a Cabaret..."

Instead, the master of ceremonies, an attractive man in a kimona, tight jeans and shiny black leather boots, strutted onto the stage, swinging his hips like a Times Square hooker. "Bonsolr, Good Evening. What say we cancel the second show, close the doors and have an orgy?" he said with a devilish smile. The audience reacted with the sort of restraint shown by contestants on "Let's Make a Deal". Two middle-aged school marmes in tweed suits clapped their hands in delight, motorcycle men thumped their boots, a disco boy rotated his hips, and just about everybody was chanting "YES, YES!"

But the M.C. remained unflustered. He'd seen it all before. "Sorry, no orgy tonight." "NO, NO" groaned the disappointed audience, while I gasped a sigh of relief.

The lights dimmed and out came a team of disco dancers gliding across the dance floor with the grace of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. As the disco duo rhumba'd off the stage, a small wave of applause arose from a smiling, polite audience that had earlier shown all the constraint of a crowd attending a public lynching.

"Regular entertainment", I thought—until Candy bounced onto the stage. A two hundred and fifty pound man/woman with the body of a football forward wearing a jade green

cape over a sparkling green bathing suit, started to dance. Kicking her legs in the air like a Rockette show girl, she had all the grace of a Sherman tank. A drum roll began, and she flung off her gloves, then tossed off her cape. The crowd hooted "More, more!" The lights went off and away went the jade suit, but she continued dancing in her bra and panties which were decorated with three strategically placed Christmas tree lights. Removing her nifty electric bra to reveal a man's shaved chest, Candy dashed off stage.

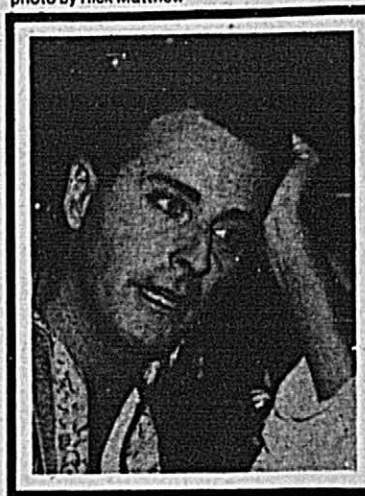
After the show, I wandered around the packed nightclub. A hand grabbed mine, digging its nails into my flesh. Pulling away, I didn't bother to look at the owner. In a way, I felt like Alice in Wonderland. Everything was so topsy-turvy here; it was not only difficult to separate the he's from the she's, but the distinctions between reality and unreality were also becoming blurred.

Off-stage, the M.C., with his bland good looks and easy-going manner, could have passed for an All-American. "I've been working here since they began drag shows in 1957," he told me. "Ever since the first movie I saw I wanted to entertain. I like to sing, dance, carry on..."

Leaving him in his office, I walked downstairs into the bar again. Approaching a woman in a low-cut leopard skin shirt, I asked her why she came here. "They're open here: no one cares what I do. They accept me for what I am," she replied. "What do you do during the day?" I asked. "I'm on welfare." Leaning over, she said in a husky voice, "But when the cheque runs low, Hon, I whore."

Returning another night, I sat down at the corner table by the stage. As I started to take notes, the M.C. strutted across the platform towards me. "Oh, our McGill reporter is back. So you're still doing your article, are you? Well bring your McGill boys up to my office later and I'll tell you all about it." As the crowd cackled, I was reminded of the time when I was a little kid moving into a new neighbourhood: Everyone was wearing jeans, and I wore a prissy dress. I just didn't fit in.

photo by Rick Matthew



Douglas Leopold:
"Disco is one culture of 1978"

Regine's— Not just a pretty place

by Marjorie Killen

I felt painfully out of place. The taxi door opened and I was left standing in front of the Hyatt Regency Hotel. The taxi pulled away; my only choice was to feign confidence and glide through the doors of the hotel, up the escalator, and into the glittery world of Regine's.

I was greeted at the door by a man wearing oriental silk and eye make-up. It was dazzling and it was Halloween. Huge jack-o'-lanterns filled the centre table, glittery cobwebs hung from the ceiling, witches, goblins, gypsies, ghosts and fairies mingled freely.

I was there as the guest of Douglass Leopold, who has made a successful career doing the public relations work for much of Montreal's culture. "All this is culture", said Leopold as he gazed around and added that he has just finished promoting *In Praise of Older Women and Two Solitudes*.

Leopold helps run Regine's. "I'm not really a disco person" he admits. Montreal is what Leopold calls a "comfy city," and he wants to promote all of its culture.

Regine's of Montreal has been open since last January 20th. Leopold explained to me that they've tried to make it "a place where you can get lost and relax." Unlike the "cruising" bars and "meat rack" discos, Regine's has tried to make a comfortable atmosphere for its members. "You must come in a group to Regine's" says Leopold. "We're trying to create an atmosphere where people can find a safe way to meet."

I chatted with Regine's disc jockey Jean-Claude Marco. Marco, who has worked at Studio 54 of New York, had much to say about the disco scene. For Marco, Regine's is "not wild enough" and "is five years behind." He thinks discos should be theatre as well as dance with people dressing

more imaginatively. When asked about his plans, Marco replied, "In December, I'm going to London... my goal in life is to be a beach bum."

Kim Boril had a few moments to tell me about the disco contest that is *the Big Talk* at Regine's these days. "The contest is to celebrate Regine's 25th year. It's the anniversary of entertainment. Here's to 25 years of distraction." Boril, who has studied classical, jazz and ballet dancing will be choreographing a dance for the contest. "The dance will be choreographed to 'Last Dance' from Donna's new album." The preliminaries of the dance contest will be at Regine's International Clubs, culminating in the finals this spring with a grand prize of \$10,000.

Boril feels that "we are starting to become dance enthusiasts" and disco "really opens another awareness." Because Regine's is more of a private club than the run-of-the-mill "meat market" disco, "those that can't participate have a release here." To Boril, disco means "forgetfulness and total involvement in distraction."

Every other Tuesday night at Regine's members may bring as many guests as they like for dinner and dancing. Although the cover charge of \$4 to \$6 did not strike me as outrageous, a gin and tonic at \$4.40 shot did seem a bit high. But then, as Leopold mentioned Regine's is the place for "the middle aged crowd who want to start a second life."

The dance floor is disappointingly small and after the first few dances, it was packed. However, the light show was quite impressive, combining strobe lights and colored spotlights.

Later on that evening, I heard that Tony Curtis was going to make an appearance. As I discovered later, Regine's is like that. You never know who will be dropping by for dinner and some quiet conversation.

After an hour of patient waiting I sidled up to one of the waiters and tried to act nonchalant as I asked, "Is Tony here yet?"

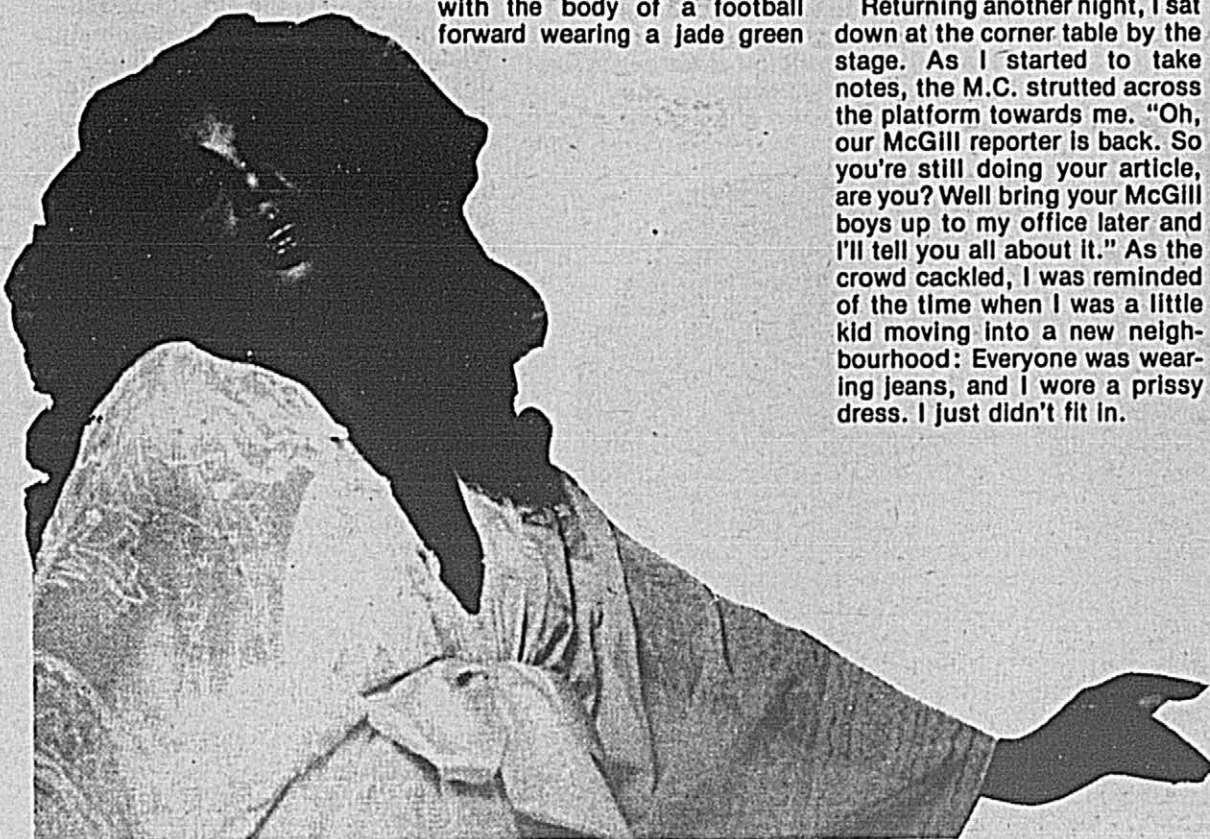
Feeling like a teenybopper at a Beach Boys concert, I approached a short-haired older man in a pin-stripe suit. He sat, quietly conversing with a table of would-be starlets.

And there he was.

Tony Curtis. He was not very talkative, and he didn't seem to care who the hell I was.

Suddenly, all my nonchalance left me and I was left standing there—quiet, speechless, without much to say, struck dumb, without conversation.

"Come here often?" I asked. Tony replied, "No. It's my first time."



Books

by Alexandra McHugh

"I don't like that kind of thing very much but what can you do? You're standing at the foot of a gigantic check for \$50,000 painted on a billboard and there's the ladder, and there's the whole press corps of Montreal behind you to watch you endorse it. Do you stamp your feet and say, Jack McClelland, I will not climb that ladder? No, you climb it with as much aplomb as you can muster." And the next day the stunt had made the front page of almost every newspaper in Canada.

Aritha van Herk, the twenty-four-year-old Edmontonian whose recently published novel *Judith*, bested more than 500 competitors to win the Seal Books First Novel Award amid great hoopla last summer, was in town last week. A sleepless night and a long day spent seeing nothing but the inside of taxicabs and radio stations, left her just enough energy for a hearty handshake before she pulled off her boots and collapsed on her bed at the Ritz—still game, however, for one more interview. She's obviously getting rather a kick out of all the publicity, and she lives it up when she gets the chance; the evening ended with a splurge on smoked salmon, rabbit and raspberry tart at Les Halles, where the politely charming waiter, Orlando, now knows how to pronounce "chinook".

Van Herk, who calls herself "prickly", is a competent, funny and straightforward Westerner, who dresses casually in jeans and a sweater. Practical when necessary, she can also be happily extravagant. She eschews the histrionics of a Jane Fondaesque approach to writing, venting her creative frustration by pacing, chewing her fingernails or kicking the wall rather than throwing her typewriter out the window, "because typewriters are too expensive." Yet the first thing she did after winning the prize was to buy her husband of four years, geologist Robert Sharp, a Porsche, "as a present for all his help and support." She loves to drive it too, on the Edmonton-Calgary highway. "But don't say that I got a ticket."

Because she doesn't look like her pictures, she isn't often recognized, and is amused when she overhears an interesting conversation about herself. But the book is really the thing. "Of all the publicity, money and ballyhoo, the moment that I was really the happiest was when I unpacked the first copy of my book and held it in my hand. That day I was just euphoric. I carried it around all day until one of my friends said, you're going to have to have that surgically removed. Of course I got over that."

She grew up on a half section farm between Edmonton and Calgary, settled by her Dutch immigrant parents after WWII, and "had a lovely childhood, as kids who grow up in the country will." The five children were expected to be serious and to dedicate themselves to "the scientific pursuit of life." Aritha was supposed to be the family lawyer. She could no more be



photo by Rolf Korman

ARITHA VAN HERK

Prickly new Prairie author

persuaded to that than she could to do the dishes or weed the garden, because she was determined to be a writer. "I read so frantically and I had to read every book I possibly could. (A book addict, she still reads a book a day.) Finally I discovered I could make stories too." As an adolescent she began to find the small community stifling, but having finished high school at 16 and being too young to go to the city, she spent a year as her father's hired man, looking after a thousand pigs among other chores. Only the pigs in her novel are autobiographical, but with her penchant for detail she used her knowledge very thoroughly. She disliked pigs extremely while cleaning out their pens, but they became incorporated into her imaginary world. "I lived in fiction more than I lived in reality, and because I valued that so much, I wanted to make stories for

other people because a lot of people can't make stories but they can read."

The first short story she wrote for novelist and teacher Ruby Wiebe at the University of Alberta was a disaster. He flicked it back across the table and announced to the assembled class that it was exactly the sort of story one should never write. Aritha went home, cried, and decided to show him. Five years of studying later, she calls Wiebe more than a mentor; he has been almost a father figure, and has had the greatest influence on her work. Now that her student life has ended (she submitted *Judith* as her thesis and received an MA in creative writing in July), she looks back on their professional relationship as the kind of unique experience that is likely to happen only between athletes and their trainers. "I guess that leaves you with a certain dependency. I'm trying to get rid of him now in many ways,

break free from that, because it can be quite stifling."

Van Herk believes that Wiebe is part of the reason Alberta appears to be having a literary boom. "That little class he has each year of 8 people is turning out some really fine writers; curiously enough most of them are women." Alberta's oil money may also contribute to what Van Herk calls 'a very comfortable atmosphere for writers', which is stimulating a self-confidence, fueled by a growing Western separatist complex. She also believes in regionalism and roots. "You have to stay in your place because your place is your milieu and you build your stories inside that."

Judith began as a short story about a woman farming alone, and took three years to write. Van Herk "revises incessantly", and the book was rewritten five times. One version was finished during a summer she spent as bush cook to her husband's geological crew, hunting copper in the Yukon. Above treeline and amid mosquitoes, in a camp accessible only by helicopter, Van Herk would make breakfast, see the men off, begin the dinner, and have the rest of the day to write. She calls writing an 'incredibly lonely business', so difficult that although many want to be writers and be in the public eye, they don't want to write; she is terrified of that happening to her.

A novel is like "working with too much bread dough," and Van Herk is writing stories madly now, because they are so much easier to work with. But she is also beginning the thinking stage for a longer work, which for her may take a year and a half, until she has fully created the characters in her mind and they are free to act. The prize money has meant the realization of every writer's dream: the freedom not to have to do anything else. "I'm going to rent myself an office. This is a professional thing and has to be treated professionally. I cannot work at home. I was brought up to be compulsive about housework and I hate it, but I'm one of those typical writers who will do anything to avoid that first moment at the typewriter when you can't get going and you think oh, God, why did I ever want to be a writer."

Van Herk is a feminist. She tries to not to preach in her writing because she doesn't like being preached to when she reads a book. She has deliberately given her main character, Judith, many faults, and admits that though she takes Judith's side, she's not very likeable. "So many feminists are saying now that you cannot portray an unsympathetic female character without betraying the cause, and I don't believe that. Women are not all good. We're not all victims, we're self-victims as well. What I wanted to do was to come one step closer to understanding one female psyche, and that can help each one of us a little bit, I hope."

Around Town

Film

McGill Film Society

(3480 McTavish, 392-8934)

Nov 10: *The Great White Hope* d. Martin Ritt (1970 USA) 7 & 9:30 L-132

Nov 11: *Take the Money and Run* d. Woody Allen (1969 USA) 7 & 9:30 L-132

Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec

(1700 St-Denis, 844-8734)

Nov 9: *En Pays Neufs* d. Maurice Proulx (1966), *Ste-Anne de-Roquebelle* (1942) 8 pm

Nov 10: *Une Journée A L'Exposition Provinciale De Quebec* (1942), *Congres Marial D'Ottawa-Juin 1947*, (1950), *Marguerite Bourgeoys* (1954), *Le Cinquantenaire Des Calsses Populaire* (1951) d. Maurice Proulx 7:30 pm, *Slk a Quebec* (1950), *Waconichi* (1955), *Les Iles de La Madeline* (1956), *Au Royaume du Saguenay* (1957) d. Maurice Proulx.

Le Cinema Parallele

(3682 St Laurent, 843-4725)

to Nov 12: *Roges et Bleus* (Que 1978) 7 pm \$2

Nov 13 to 19: *La Premiere Partie Du Roi Henri IV de Double V Shakespeare: Une Analogie* (Colombe 1974), 7 pm, \$2

Cinema Five

(5560 Sherbrooke St West, 489-5559)

Thurs. Nov 9: 7:00 *Romeo and Juliet* (1968 GB) D. Franco Zeffirelli... 7:15 *The Seven Per Cent Solution* d. Herbert Ross (1976 GB)... 9:15 *Battlestar Galactica* (USA 1978)... 9:45 *Ballis* d. David Hamilton (1976 FR.)



Fri. Nov 10: 7:00 *The American Friend* d. Wim Wenders (1977 Ger/Fr)... 7:15 *Last Tango in Paris* d. Bernardo Bertolucci (1972 FR/It)... 9:15 *A Boy and His Dog*

(1974 USA)... 9:45 *An Unmarried Woman* d. Paul Mazursky (1978 USA)... 12:00 *Night of the Living Dead* d. George Romero (1968 USA)

Sat. Nov 11: 7:00 *A Clockwork Orange* d. Stanley Kubrick (1971 GB)... 7:15 *Jaws* d. Steven Spielberg (1975 USA)... 9:15 *1900* d. Bernardo Bertolucci (1976 It/Fr)... 9:45 *The Turning Point* (1977 USA)... 12:00 *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1975 GB)

Sun Nov 12: 7:00 *Fellini's Casanova* d. Federico Fellini (1976 It)... 7:15 *Saturday Night Fever* (1977 USA)... 9:15 *The End of the World In Our Usual Bed In a Night Full Of Rain* d. Lina Wertmuller (1977 It/USA)... 9:45 *The Turning Point* d. Herbert Ross (1977 USA)



Mon Nov 13: 7:00 *The Tenant* d. Roman Polanski (1976 USA)... 7:15 *House Calls* d. Howard Zieff (1977 USA)... 9:15 *Knots* d. David Munro (1975 GB)... 9:45 *Quiet Days in Clichy* d. Jens Jorgen Thorsen (1970 Den)

Tues Nov 14: 7:00 *L'Aventura* d. Michelangelo Antonioni (1960 It/Fr)... 7:15 *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* d. Sam Peckin (1973 USA)... 9:15 *Julia* d. Fred Zinneman (1977 USA)... 9:45 *Chac* d. Rolando Kilen (1975 Mexico)

Wed Nov 15: 7:00 *The Other Side Of Midnight* d. Charles Jarrott (1977 USA)... 7:15 *House Calls*... 9:15 *The Projectionist* d. Harry Hurwitz (1969 USA)... *L'Argent du Poche* d. Francois Truffaut (1976)

Seville Festival

(2155 St Catherine St. West)

Thurs Nov 9: 7:15 *Frenzy* d. Alfred Hitchcock (1972 USA)... 9:30 *Pretty Baby* d. Louis Malle (1978 USA)

Fri Nov 10: 7:00 *Jaws* d. Steven Spielberg (1975 USA)... *The Lacemaker (La Dentellière)* d. Claude Goretta (1977 Switzerland)... 12:00 *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*

Sat Nov 11: 7:00 *An Unmarried Woman* d. Paul Mazursky (1978 USA)... 9:30 *The Children of Theatre Street* d. Robert Dornheim (1977 USA)... 12:00 *Flash Gordon*

Sun Nov 12: 5:00 *Young Frankenstein* d. Mel Brooks (1974 USA)... 7:15 *The Children of Theatre Street* d. Robert Dornheim (1977 USA)... 9:15 *The Duellists* d. Ridley Scott (1977 GB)

Mon Nov 13: 7:30 *The Children of Theatre Street* d. Robert Dornheim (1977 USA)... 9:30 *The Duellists* d. Ridley Scott (1977 GB)

Tues Nov 14: 7:00 *Hamlet* d. Laurence Olivier (1947 GB)... 9:45 *The Children of Theatre Street* d. Robert Dornheim (1977 USA)

Wed Nov 15: 7:00 *American Graffiti* d. George Lucas (1973 USA)... 9:15 *Effie Best* d. Rainier Werner Fassbinder (1974 W. Germany)

Music

Theatre Maisonneuve

(Place Des Arts, 842-2112)

to Nov 19: Andre Gagnon. Daily Except Monday, 8:30 pm, \$6 to \$12.

Salle Wilfrid Pelletier

(Place Des Arts, 842-2112)

Nov 12: Nuits Des Trophees 18:30, \$5, \$7, \$10.

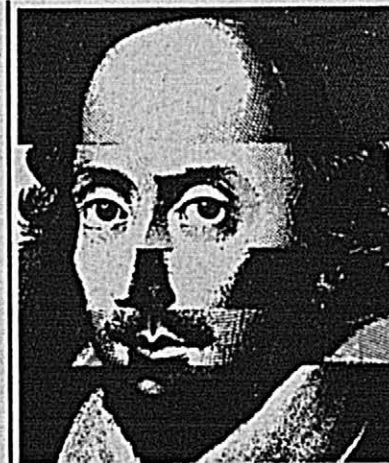
Nov 13: Recital Andre Laplante 20:30, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8.

Rising Sun

(286 Ste Catherine St West, 861-0657)

Nov 7-12: Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers

Nov 13-18: John Lee Hooker



Theatre

Theatre Denise-Pelletier

(4353 St. Catherine St East, 253-8974)

to Dec 13: *Marie-Tudor* by Victor Hugo. Fri and Sat. 8 pm, students \$3.

La Poudriere

(St. Helens Island, 526-6002)

to Nov 11: *Apples for Eve* by Anton Chekhov. Tues to Sat 7 & 9 pm. \$4.50 to \$5. Sat - \$6.50



Saldye Bronfman Theatre

(5170 Cote St Catherine Road, 739-2301)

to Nov 19: *Gemini* by Albert Innaurato, Tues and Thurs 8:30 pm \$5, Sat and Sun \$6.50 Tues and Thurs matinee 2 pm - \$3.50

Centaur Theatre

(451 St Francois-Xavier, 288-2419)

to Nov 19: *Paper Wheat*. 8 pm, Sun - 7 pm. \$6.50, Sat - \$7.50 Sat. Matinee 2 pm \$5

National Theatre School

(1182 St. Laurent, 861-4638)

to Nov 11: *Dinosaurs*. Directed by Joel Miller, 8 pm free
Le Patriote En Haut (1474 St. Catherine St East, 521-6666)

to Nov 26: *Propriété condamnée* by Tennessee Williams. 8 pm \$2

Théâtre du Rideau Vert

(355 Gullford, 845-0267)

to Nov 11: *Le Bourgeois Gentlemen* by Antonine Maulliet. Tues to Sat 8 pm, Sun 7 pm, \$5.25 and \$5.75

Tuesday Night Café

(Morrice Hall 106, 392-5000 - 4637)

to Nov 11: *Dance for Gods* by Maxim Mazumdar. 8 pm \$1

Theatre Du Nouveau Monde

(84 Ste Catherine St West, 861-0563)

Nov 10 to Dec 10: *Les Fees Ont Solé de Denise Boucher*. tickets at T.N.M. from 12 to 8 every day.

Café De La Place

(Place Des Arts, 842-2141 local 279)

to Nov 28: two Comedies by Alfred de Musset - *Un Caprice* and *Il Faut qu'une porte soit ouvert ou fermée*. directed by Albert Mollaire

Art

Salle Wilfrid Pelletier

(entrance hall)

to Dec 3: paintings by two Quebec artists - Jean Lantier and Jacek Jarnuszkiewicz, from 9 am to 6 pm, free

Optica

(451 St Francois-Xavier, 288-2419)

to Nov 10: Garry Kennedy

Goethe Institute

to Dec 1: Karl Friedrich Koch, paintings, Mon to Fri 10 am to 6 pm, free

The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (3400 Ave. du Musée, 285-1600)

to Dec 19: Yves Gaucher

McCord Museum

(690 Sherbrooke St West, 392-4778)

to Nov 12: Quebec Diary, 1950: Photographs by Lida Moser

La Guilde Graphique

(4677 St. Denis, 844-2421)

to Dec 31: Original Prints by Quebec Artists, Mon to Sat 9 am to 7 pm

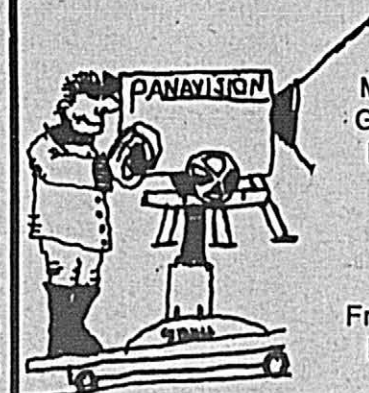


ONLY 29 MORE WRITING DAYS UNTIL THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF

THE WEEKLY

Any creative people, poets or writers should submit their prose, poetry or graphic artwork for the special Christmas issue of the Weekly as soon as possible.

The Producers



graphic by Ben Rosenberg

Gigi Rosenberg, editor
Marcy Plotnick, Michele Finger
Gail Heimann, Maggie Gosselin
Doug Watters, S. Peter Loshin
Rick Matthew, Day Hills
Henry de Cuyppers Cadmus
Kirk Kelly, Danny Rosen
Sue Shears, Chris Pomiecko
Frank Funaro, Michael Pasternak
Bruce Stark, Angie Silverstein
and Betty Van Hoogmoed

Today...

continued from page 4

Radio McGill:

CFRM News presents a special feature on the November 12 Municipal Elections. Tune in today at 3:30 and find out about the parties and the issues.

Alpha Delta Phi:

presents, Freshperson's Happy Hour at the Detour (Bishop Mountain Hall). 25¢/beer. 8 pm for all Freshpeople.

History Dept. Film:

Andre Rublev. This masterpiece of Russian cinematography was censored in the USSR. Russian with English subtitles. Frank Dawson Adams Auditorium from 10:30 to 1:30 pm. Free admission!

Letter

Artsies challenge Toilet-Bowlers

To the Daily:

The McConnell Hall Football Maulers, the 1978 Inter-Residence League Champions, comprised predominantly of quadrilingual Artsies and Brain Surgeons from the Faculty of Science offer the following challenge to the champion team from the Engineering Intramural Football League:

IN ORDER to determine the TRUE champions of McGill, viz a viz various Flag Football Leagues, we heretofore petition you (The Engineering Champions) to a winner takes all, nine man aside championship football game at a time and place to be determined by representatives from both teams. Your responses should be directed to:

Steve Bouris/Terry McIntyre (844-9294)

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WIN A TRIP
TO THE 1979 JUNO AWARDS

90 MINUTES WITH A BULLET, CBC Radio's pop music journal is offering you the chance to win an all-expenses-paid trip to the Canadian music industry's most prestigious event—the 1979 Juno Awards. Winners will be flown to Toronto for two nights stay at a major downtown hotel as the special guests of host Linden Soles. Winners will also enjoy the excitement of the Junos from a specially reserved table, mingle and meet many of their favorite stars. Listen to "The Bullet" for details.



Hosted by broadcaster Linden Soles, 90 Minutes With A Bullet features Canada's only national computerized top 40 chart compiled from radio surveys conducted each week. Presenting up-to-the-minute reports from the music capitals of the world, the 'Bullet' takes you behind the scenes to meet the artists, songwriters and record producers in the news.

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90 MINUTES WITH A BULLET

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CBC RADIO

640-St John's 990-Cornerbrook 1450-Gander 540-Grand Falls 1340-Happy Valley 969-Charlottetown (FM band) 1140-Sydney 860-Halifax (90.5 FM band)
970-Fredericton 1110-Saint John 1070-Moncton 940-Montreal 920-Ottawa 740-Toronto 1550-Windsor 99.9-Sudbury (FM band) 800-Thunder Bay
990-Winnipeg 540-Saskatchewan (Regina) 740-Edmonton 1010-Calgary 690-Vancouver 860-Prince Rupert

EXTRA MUSTANG GAZETTE EXTRA

Vol. 1 No. 2 Sunday, October 22, 1978 \$0.15



Daily Sports

Mustang Mania

by Danny Young

Sinking fan support for intercollegiate athletics is not just a problem in Canadian colleges, but a growing concern throughout North America.

Promotion in college athletics has a short history, but has proven to be very successful in bringing back fans and ultimately financing the increasing costs of an athletics program.

The most stunning example of such a success took place this year at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. By initiating a "Mustang Mania" campaign, the people at SMU increased attendance from an average well under 20,000 last year to crowds of up to 65,000 this year.

Russ Potts, a pioneer in college athletics promotion, was named SMU's Athletics Director in May, and from that point, he has worked feverishly drawing fans to Mustang games.

Before coming to SMU, Potts was promotions director at the University of Maryland where his efforts helped to increase Maryland's average football attendance from 17,000 to over 40,000 during a seven year period.

Game programs, which are usually an accurate indication of the support the teams receive, were 55 pages at Maryland in 1970. Potts expanded that to 220 pages, the largest in the U.S.

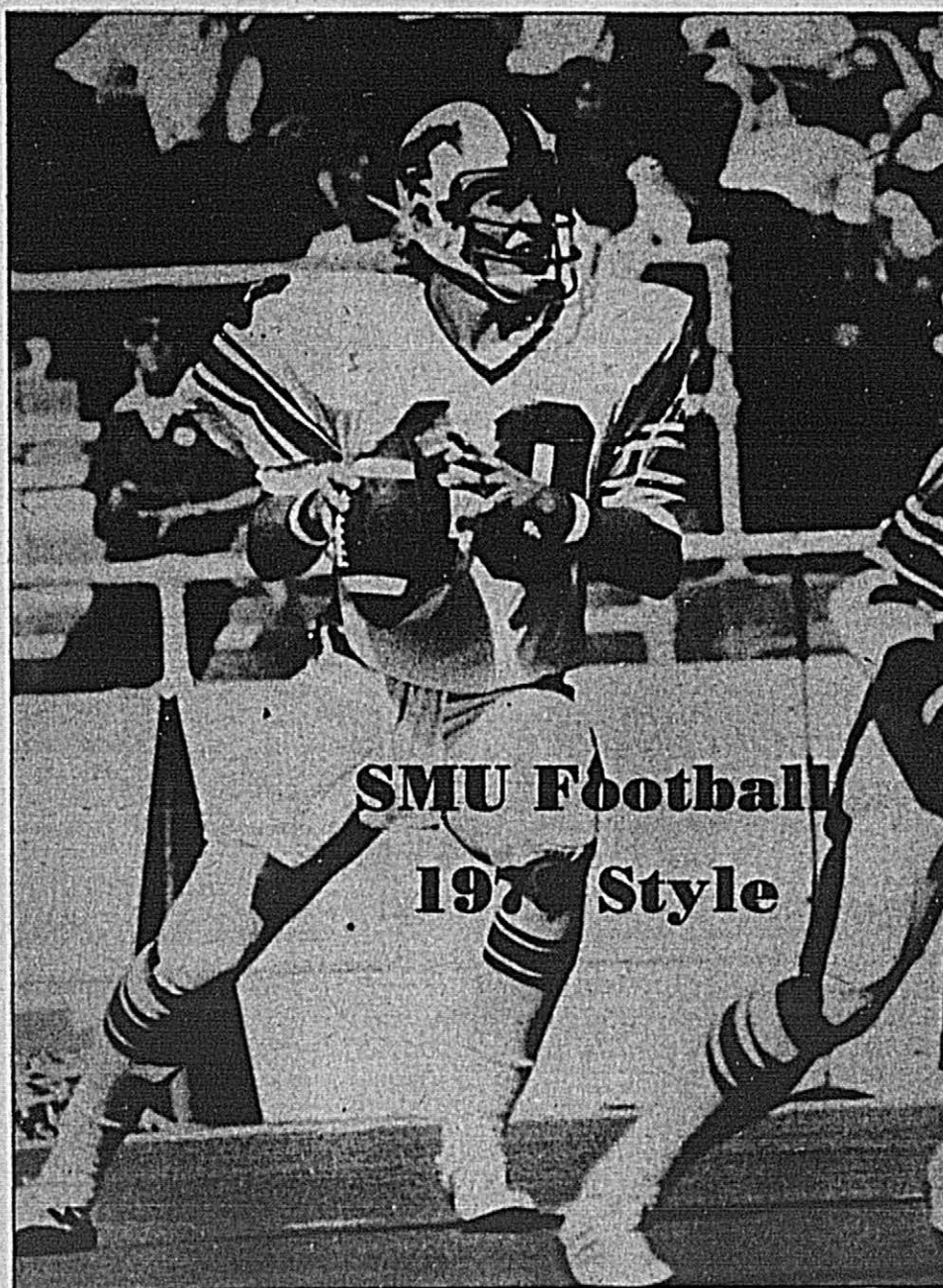
Potts brought his assistant from Maryland, Brad Thomas, to SMU and the duo engineered the Mustang Mania campaign.

Potts acted as an ambassador for the school by selling SMU football to all kinds of organizations throughout Dallas. In effect, he removed the indifferent attitude to college football which was prevalent among the "Dallas Cowboys"-dominated population.

Meanwhile, the Mustang Mania theme was echoed throughout the city. Sports Promotions Director Thomas contacted Howie Newman, a Boston singer-songwriter, who creates a type of music described by *Sports Illustrated* as "sports-folk." Though Newman's biggest hit sold only 700 records, his material is excellent. He then wrote, produced, arranged, and recorded "Mustang Mania", a catchy tune which is believed to be the first semi-humorous football fight song ever written.

Along with the record came a host of promotional material including bumper stickers, outdoor advertising, and several ingenious promotions.

The Mustangs game against TCU on Saturday, September 9th, was billed as the Jerry Lewis 7-Eleven Bowl. All



Mike Ford, star quarterback of the SMU Mustangs

proceeds went to Muscular Dystrophy. The end result: 41,112 fans.

The promotional sheet for the Houston game on Oct. 21st resembles a movie marquee. It reads: Mustang Mania presents SMU vs. Houston, starring Ron Meyer-SMU Head Coach, Mike Ford-SMU Sophomore Quarterback, etc.

The efforts of Potts and Thomas along with Coach Meyer and the rest of the SMU gang culminated when the Mustangs drew 64,871 fans for that game.

"People would've laughed at me if I said we could draw 50,000," Thomas

said. "We've made a lot of progress here in Dallas, but we still have a long way to go. It's a great city with a lot of potential. When we start to win consistently, it will be a great situation." Without disregard for Thomas' statements, SMU already has a great situation.

Russ Potts was the first college promotion director in the U.S. when he joined the Maryland staff in 1971. Since then, more than 30 promotional directors have been named at NCAA schools. Isn't it about time that the Canadian schools caught on?

Mustang Mania
by Howie Newman

We don't care what the schedule says
We're gonna go right out and bust
some heads.

The scouting reports are sure to attest
We got the toughest darn team in the
whole Southwest.

We're the SMU Mustang men
We're gonna win some games, but we
won't say when.

Our greatest heights are yet to be
known

We've got all the coaches worried—
even our own.

CHORUS:

It's the Mustang Mania
It's goin' around all over town
O! SMU is startin' to roll
Better head down to the Cotton Bowl.
It's the Mustang Mania
It's in the air, it's everywhere
If you got the luck
And you got the knack
You can be a Mustang Maniac.

We can run and pass with equal
disdain

We can handle the heat and slosh
through the rain.

We're cool in the clutch and like to hit
hard

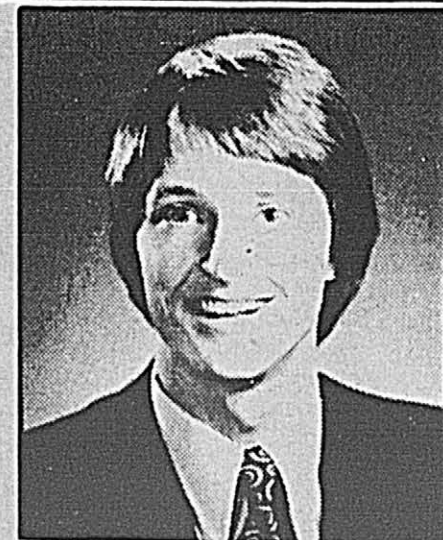
We're gonna make 'em pay for every
yard.

Ford can throw, Tolbert can fly
Coach Meyer knows how and
sometimes why.

With our kind of line, look out for the
backs

And Putt Choate'll stop 'em dead in
their tracks.

CHORUS

Brad Thomas
Sports Promotions Director

Nuclear . . .

continued from page 3

produces as waste all the U-238 which is now plutonium.

But, on the other hand, the fuel discharged from a light-water reactor (LWR), which uses enriched U-235, contains an equal amount of plutonium because light water encourages neutron absorption of U-238.

Ordinary water (H₂O) has a mass of two hydrogen while heavy water (H₃O) has a mass of three hydrogen.

In addition, it is becoming popular to recycle or reprocess the plutonium which means that this highly radioactive material must be temporarily stored until it cools down and then run through the reactor again. Although reprocessing will eliminate some of the problem of handling radioactive material for thousands of years, the temporary storage is an open invitation for some of it to go missing or, as they say in the industry -- MUF (material unaccounted for).

The reason some of the plutonium might go MUF is because plutonium is now the preferred substance for making atomic bombs. The costly and complex enrichment required for U-235 is not necessary and plutonium is produced as a by-product in every nuclear plant. One and a half ounces of plutonium-239 contains the explosive power of one thousand tons of TNT, and 10-12 pounds is enough to make a

crude bomb, enough to demolish a city. Some experts guess that at least 100,000 people, possibly a million, have the knowledge to create a bomb.

The waste products of nuclear reactors cannot be safely disposed of short of rocketing them to the sun, which is risky because of possible rocket failure. Instead, the wastes can only be "managed". And managing the wastes means that no human or mechanical error can take place without wreaking havoc

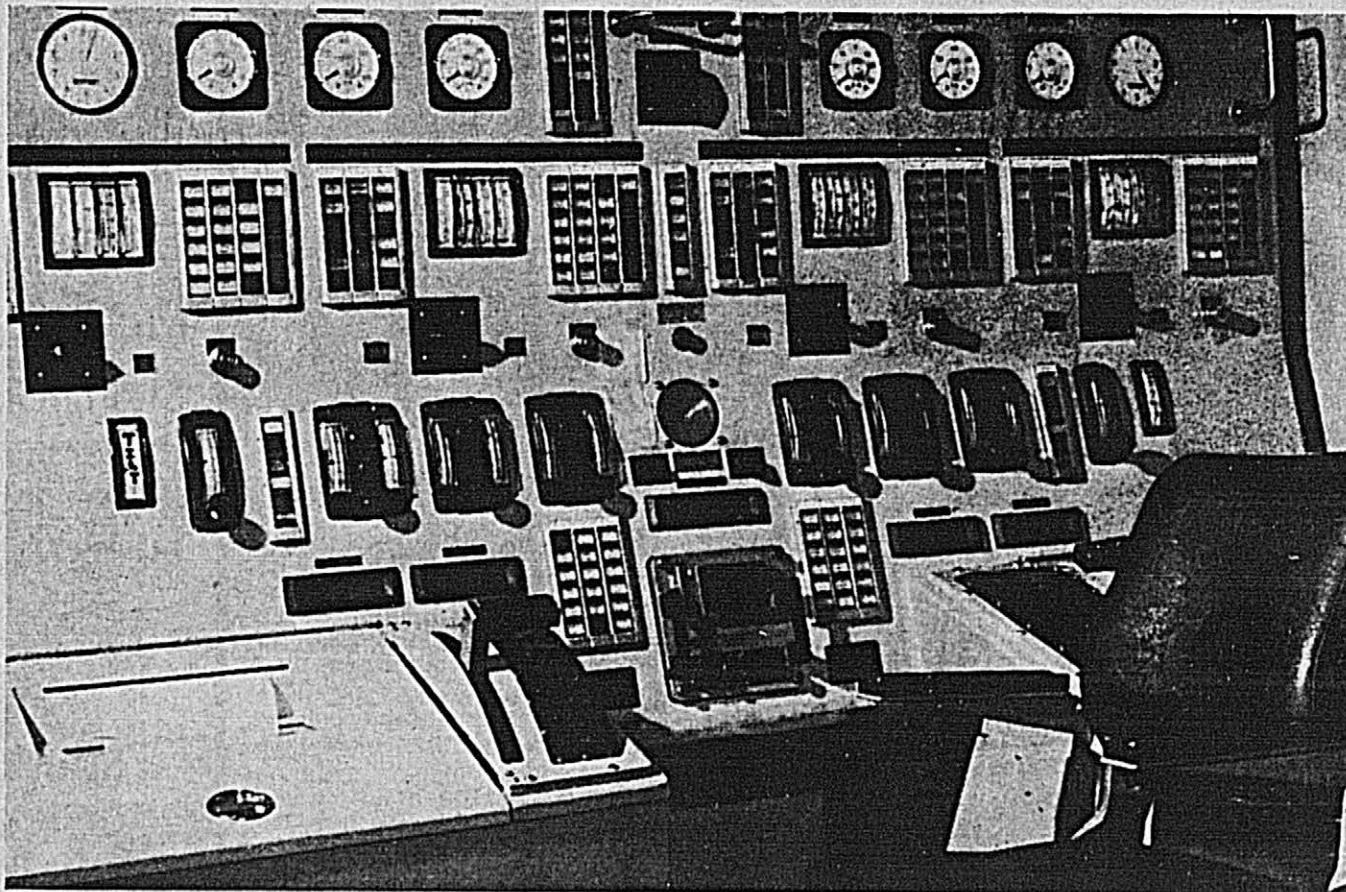
with the environment. The length of time needed to manage these waste products is far beyond the scope of our lifetimes, so we are committing future generations to managing our wastes. As Sir Eric Ashby, chairman of the British government committee for management of high-level wastes said, "We are committing future generations to a problem which we don't know how to handle".

Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL), a crown corporation incorporated without

benefit of parliamentary sanction in February 1952, has suggested that Canadian nuclear wastes be temporarily stored in water-filled spent fuel bays at the reactor site for up to ten years until the initial short-lived and very high radioactivity decays. Then the wastes will be moved to an interim disposal site for at least fifty years, pending the decision to recycle the plutonium contained in the waste. If not recycled, the waste would be buried deep underground in a rock formation that has remained

geologically stable for 500 million to 2 billion years.

Confidence that disposal in plutonic rock is technically possible comes from the fact that this has happened at least once in nature, according to researcher Robert Uffen. Uffen, who cautions against haste in nuclear programs until the waste management problem is sorted out, says that the assumption is that if the waste were containable in nature once, then man should be able to emulate or improve on the process.



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South West
(Corner Atwater)
937-2816

McGill Caribbean
Students' Society

GALA DANCE

Sat. Nov. 11th
21h to 3h

D.J. Lloyd

ADMISSION: \$2.00

Union Ballroom

3480 McTavish

Counselling

Do you need someone to talk to about personal, educational, or vocational problems? If so, call and make an appointment at 392-8889.

A SERVICE
OF THE MCGILL COUNSELLOR
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
3700 McTavish St.

Dr. Marv Westwood, Director

you have the opportunity to experience
the unique feeling of a 'real Shabbat'
in a warm and friendly student
atmosphere at Chabad House

FREE OF CHARGE



SHABBATONS ARE HELD WEEKLY IN CHABAD HOUSE
STARTING FRIDAY SUNSET TILL SATURDAY NIGHT

Classifieds...

continued from page 2

Insured. Ask about our rental trucks. Call Tim or Sean 486-7347

354 — Notices

Want to rap with a Rabbi? Call Rabbi Israel Hausman 341-3580.

Améliorez votre français en partageant des jours de ski. Jeunes français d'Europe recherchent jeunes gens d'expression anglaise pour partager notre chalet d'hiver à St. Sauveur. Ski détente-échange. Tél; de jour, au 522-6135, 288-9780.

Ride wanted to Toronto on Fri. Nov. 10. Please call Joan 286-0942, evenings after 10 pm or mornings before 11 am.

All ASUS sponsored clubs or Assoc.'s: Are effective departmental course evaluations of McGill possible? Of course they are! Please have a rep. from your department attend a course evaluation meeting on Thurs. Nov. 9th at 4:30 pm in Rm 310 of the Stud. Union.

Guys & Gals. The '78 Super-Bash is coming up November 18th in the Union. Fun guaranteed. Watch out for details.

STUDENT SECURITY STAFF, please leave your addresses and phone numbers at the Students' Society General Office so we can contact you this year. Those not interested in working please inform us also.

FRANCOPHONES D'OUTRE-QUEBEC: Si vous êtes étudiant(e) à plein temps, Francophone d'une autre province et désireux(euse de participer au programme interprovincial de moniteurs de langue seconde dans un CEGEP anglais, appelez 333-3814, 4040 ou 4102. Il y a un poste à pourvoir.

Hunger Pangs? Need to rap with a gourmet chef? "El Cheepo" Lunch 3625 Aylmer at 12-2 pm M-F \$1.55 repas complet.

GRADUATE STUDENTS: Don't miss this week's Hitchcock film—The Vanishing Lady. Thursday 9:00pm at the David Thomson House. Free Admission

"The Fall Affair" TAKE YOUR LADY—BUY A TICKET AT SADIE'S

RED MEN INVITATIONAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT 1978

All games are played at
Sir Arthur Currie Gym.

PARTICIPATING TEAMS:

St. Francis Xavier University X-Men
University of Waterloo Warriors
University of Toronto Blues
McGill University Redmen

—CLIP & SAVE—

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10

ROUND I

St. Francis Xavier University vs
University of Waterloo 19:00 h
University of Toronto vs
McGill University 21:00 h

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11

ROUND II

St. Francis Xavier University vs
University of Toronto 12:00 h
University of Waterloo vs
McGill University 14:00 h

ROUND III

University of Toronto vs
University of Waterloo 19:00 h
St. Francis Xavier University vs
McGill University 21:00 h

—CLIP & SAVE—

ADMISSION for EACH ROUND

McGill Students with validated I.D. card \$1.00
Children (16 and under) \$1.00
General Public \$2.00

For further information, contact the
Department of Athletics 392-4725

The McGill Amateur Photography Contest

November 3
to
December 1 1978
Sponsored by the
McGill Camera Club

There will be four categories:

- * Composition
- * Sports
- * Wildlife
- * Images of Life

Judges will select the first, second, and third best entry from each category. Each participant may submit up to five photographs.

The photographs:

- * Should be prints in either black and white OR colour.
- * Must be mounted on thin cardboard to prevent damage and facilitate display.
- * Must include on the back:
 - 1 name, address, telephone number
 - 2 category in which you want it judged
 - 3 type of camera used, film type, lens

Drop them off at Sadie's, 3480 McTavish
(UNION BLDG.) where you may also get more
information or call
Paul 671-3905 • Ron 286-0923

"Remember whether you use an Instamatic or a Nikon
YOU can win"